

50 cents
Vol. 1 No. 1

Torrid

for the **FIREY** man

TORRID FICTION

the
SPANISH BED
the
UNFORTUNATE
LOVER

plus

a spicy collection of
SEXsational photos

why
envy
the
SEX
ATHLETE
?

first **FIREY** edition

adults only

All too often, due to exploitation through cheap motion pictures with little to sell except a title and some lousy acting; second rate novels by hack authors, and similar publicity, the term *torrid* has come to be synonymous with lurid.

We associated with the first issue of this magazine, of course, do not feel this way at all. The birthplace of luridness is in the human mind, and we know those who could read a double meaning into the first gurglings uttered from the mouths of babes. To us, **TORRID** is a state of being; some girls have it, some girls do not.

TORRID-ity (if we may develop the phrase) is the ability of a girl to arouse within the male animal, be he man or mouse, the desire to know more about this girl . . . to find out what she has that thrills him, makes him want her.

There are those girls in the world — indeed, in these pages — who cannot help being **TORRID**; it is a quality which they simply have. It required no development nor cultivation. It just happened at birth and they have grown up with it.

There also are those girls who attempt to gain a **TORRID** personality through the practice of rituals gleaned from beauty manuals; by purchasing the so-called "right" clothes, and by allowing their vocabularies to be drained from the gutters. Needless to say, this category never quite gains that illusive goal. They remain simply lurid.

In **TORRID**, we have attempted to assemble that mysterious quality and quantity that makes old men shed their years and young men wish they were old enough to be able to boast of their experiences; we feel certain that the assemblage of photos, fact and fiction here will do much to make you realize it is not horrid for a girl to be **TORRID**.

In fact, from the male standpoint, it's a most desirable state!



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A black and white illustration. On the left, a man in a cowboy hat, a patterned vest over a shirt with a bow tie, and dark pants stands with his hands on his hips, holding a revolver. On the right, a woman in a white, flowing dress with a low back and a large floral earring is dancing. The title 'the SPANISH BED' is written across the center, with 'the' in a script font and 'SPANISH BED' in a large, bold, serif font with decorative swirls in the letters.

the SPANISH BED

She danced with careless freedom, putting out her arms and caressing the air in front of her. She laughed aloud from sheer joy and pretended that Isaiah was there already. The men did not know why she laughed but they joined in anyway. And in each one's mind was a secret desire to hold, to caress, to love her trembling body.

Every man ached deep inside himself as Justa, the dancer, moved from table to table giving each eager patron of the cantina one special gesture just for him as she passed. A slyly crooked smile for one man, an unexpected tilt of her pointed breasts for another, a slight quiver of her rounded buttocks for a third.

Justa and the melody moved together at a slow, pleasurable pace, like two lovers leisurely exploring each other at the beginning of a long anticipated affair. Each man watched and silently promised himself the richer pleasure of conquest later that night when the wine was gone and the rest of the patrons were uselessly drunk. Each man thought the same thing. Each man believed that Justa belonged only to him. And perhaps in a way, she did. After all, she was the only full-time whore in the dirty little town of Rio Conchos.

Romulo, the fat proprietor of the cantina, smiled happily as he looked around his establishment. Before Justa came to work for him, he was a very poor man indeed. Now the place was crowded every night. His customers also were very poor, but they drank well and paid well for the privilege of a comforting hour with Justa. They needed to forget their misery and Justa's tender hands and fiery body were better than wine to them.

The music quickened and Justa responded with a saucy roll of her breasts. One almost slipped from the skimpy confines of her clinging blouse. Manuel, the storekeeper, wanted to reach out and grab, but controlled himself, thinking that the other men would joke and call him too eager. So he calmly sat back and closed his eyes for a moment, remembering the salty taste of her excitable body.

Spinning suddenly, Justa's colored skirt jerked up, revealing her long slender thighs and trembling hips. The farmer, Juan, looked with uncontrolled passion, remembering the strength of her untamed naked body.

Justa, herself, was not aware of the greedy eyes that devoured her. Tonight she was dancing for the pleasure and joy that was flooding through her young, vibrant body. Tonight would be a very special night. Word had been sent that the Americano, Isaiah Tallock, was coming. He had been with her for one wildly exciting week and the

memory of that visit had never left her. Isaiah was the only man who ever excited her own emotions. And she loved him deeply, as deeply as she hated all the others.

Before he left, Isaiah said to her, "Justa, I promise I'll come back to you."

But she did not believe . . . she did not dare believe. Many men had said that they would return . . . men that she had tried to love. She laughed at his words. Laughed to keep the tears away. But now he was coming back just as he said he would! And again she was laughing to keep the tears away.

She danced with careless freedom, putting out her arms and caressing the air in front of her. She laughed aloud from sheer joy and pretended that Isaiah was there already. The men did not know why she laughed but they joined in anyway. And in each one's mind was a secret desire to hold, to caress, to love her trembling body.

Only Lino did not laugh with the other men. In his mind was the desire to kill that moving body, to silence forever the cutting laughter. Justa plagued his every thought. She refused to play favorites and treated each man exactly like the next. Lino thought he was a better man than most and his pride was deeply hurt.

"You do not look happy tonight, my friend," said Romulo, the greasy proprietor. Lino looked at the man with cold, hard eyes for a moment, then shoved his empty glass toward the bartender.

"Again!" mumbled Lino. His eyes shifted back to the dancing girl.

Romulo filled the glass carefully. "Why do you worry yourself so much? Justa is not yours. She belongs to no one man."

"Someday she will," answered Lino smiling. "You will see . . . and it will not be that filthy pig of a gringo!"

"Or you, my poor sad friend," laughed Romulo, sliding the dirty glass of rot-gut whiskey back to Lino. The man quickly tossed the burning liquid down his tightened throat and wiped his mouth with his grimy hand.

Justa's dance was reaching a climax with an explosion of movement and color. Her legs moved swiftly as she drove her clacking heels into the rotting wooden floor. Her full breasts moved rapidly and she breathed

deeply as if each breath would be her last. The room was hot and sweat ran down her forehead and along her cheeks. Her wet clothes clung tightly to her excited body, accentuating the violent rolling of her seductive hips.

The men watched eagerly and weighed their chances of being first to take Justa that night. Suddenly the door opened and a shadowy figure moved into the room. Only Justa noticed the entrance of this tall, lean figure covered with dirt from the blistering desert to the north.

The dance ended suddenly as Justa struck a haughty but provocative pose. The men applauded wildly but Justa ignored them. She ran quickly to her Americano. Isaiah grabbed her tightly and looked deeply into her flashing eyes.

Panting hard, Justa whispered to him, "Do not waste time in looking at me . . . You know what I wait for."

Isaiah hungrily placed his lips against hers. Yes, he thought, it was worth traveling this great distance to be in her arms again. Their kiss became a passionate, violent joining of two outcasts. The men grumbled with disappointment. They turned to each other, hoping that someone would attack first. Attack to destroy this intruder who had dared to ruin their visions of a lusty night in bed with the beautiful Justa.

Only Lino made a move forward. He reached for his gun, slung low on his hip. Unexpectedly, he felt the cold barrels of a shotgun pressed hard against his back.

"Ah, my poor friend," whispered Romulo. "If you draw your gun, it will be necessary for me to top all this trigger. Have you seen what a double barrel can do to a man at this range?"

Lino let his hand relax to his side. Anger and disappointment raged through his body.

The stars shone brightly that night on the little Mexican town. The wind blew silently except for a little humming sound now and then as it passed through the rickety fences that lined main street. Fences to keep the pigs and chickens from running away. But the people of Rio Conchos needed no fences. They were captives unto themselves. That's the way they wanted it. To be alone and to be left alone. Captives to poverty and loneliness, and they



were happy with this lot in life.

But that night as they walked along the sandy street, Justa and Isaiah were free. They were going to be together.

Isaiah was silent as they headed for Justa's small shanty at the edge of town. Isaiah's head was whirling with many thoughts. Maybe I'll be able to have a few days. I don't think the posse will come this far south. If only I hadn't killed that bank clerk! Why was he so dumb, anyway? Why do men always want to act like heroes? That damned, lousey stinkin' bank only had a few hundred! Was it worth his life?

Isaiah swore silently for a moment while he tried to collect his thoughts. Justa put her arm around his waist and leaned her head against his shoulder as they walked. Isaiah stroked her hair in an absent-minded way.

No one will think of looking for me in this run down bunch of adobe shacks, he thought. Anyway, I've got Justa. She'll be enough to take my mind off my troubles. She's good at that. I bet she really thinks I love her just because I promised to come back.

They were nearing the edge of town now. A dog barked in the distance, frightening a few drowsy chickens. The clucking of the chickens awakened a sickly baby who began to cry as loud as its little worn-out lungs would let it.

Justa's place was just a dried mud shack with cloth thrown over the windows and a few boards nailed

together on rusty hinges to form a door. But it was more than that to Justa — it was a retreat, it was a refuge, it was an escape. And tonight she was going to escape more than she had for months . . . with the man she loved most.

She pushed open the door of the hut and beckoned for Isaiah to enter. Isaiah bent down to clear the doorway and stepped inside. He tried to adjust his eyes to the darkness of the room.

No, he thought, not in all the time I've been away has there been one single change. The same faded bullfight poster on the wall, the same washed out serape covering that monstrosity of a bed.

The bed was magnificent and the only real piece of furniture in the small room. Both the head and foot boards were beautifully carved with winged cupids and floral designs. It came all the way from Madrid and, at one time, belonged to a great lady in the Spanish court. It was huge . . . and two people could spread across it with great ease and sink deep into its feathery softness.

Justa had received the bed from a reckless bandit who lived and worked in the Diablo country. She had given herself to him in a series of exhausting but extremely satisfactory affairs and the bed was his parting gift to her. It was a gift that really meant something to Justa. It should . . . because she spent a great deal of time in it. So much, in fact, that the legs were driven deep down

into the dirt floor of the adobe.

"Isaiah?"

"Yes, Justa."

"Are you glad to be back?"

Isaiah was silent for a moment as he glanced around the room again. He thought, there must've been some other hole I could've found to hide in. Isaiah tried to Justa and said aloud, "I told you I'd be back. I've kept my promise."

"Do you want me to light the lamp like before?"

"Yes," answered Isaiah. "You know I like to watch you undress."

Justa crossed the room and took some matches from a dusty shelf. She lifted the glass chimney and struck a match. As she lit the lamp the dingy room was bathed in a sickly yellow glow for a brief second before settling down to the usual drabness. Justa replaced the chimney.

"Bright enough?" she asked.

"Turn it down a little."

She turned the lamp lower until they were barely visible to each other. In the gloomy light, they became just two orange outlines, glowing against a field of blackness.

Isaiah watched as Justa slowly pulled her blouse over her head. She turned and looked at him. Her breasts were full and pointed. Firm and youthful — not the usual pair that go with a woman of Justa's profession.

"Did you miss me, Isaiah?"

This time Isaiah's answer was truthful. He most certainly did miss what he was looking at now.

"Yes, honey."

She walked over to him and looked up into his sunburned face. She put her hands to his cheeks and studied his handsome, sad face, trying to read the many lines that crisscrossed the tough skin. She looked deep into his eyes.

"Your eyes have seen much, my gringo."

"Any eyes see a lot. Mine are no different."

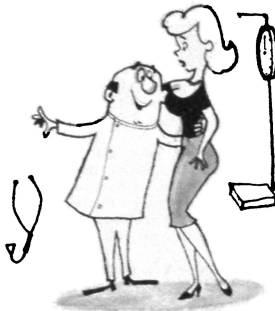
"That is true. But no matter how hard the face, one usually sees tenderness in the eyes. There is no tenderness in your eyes, Isaiah."

"No?" he laughed. "Maybe you don't see any because I've never known any."

"You have known only violence?" she asked.

"That's right, Justa. You get only violence so you give only violence."

Justa pondered the thought for a moment, then walked back to the



"Sorry, Miss Klegg, but my stethoscope is out of order."

kerosene lamp and turned it up brighter. She stood there looking at Isaiah as she began to untie the cord that held her skirt around her waist. Slowly she let the skirt slip down to her ankles, unveiling the perfect curves of her hips. After lightly stepping out of the skirt, she reached down and picked it up. Justa laughed softly and tossed the skirt to Isaiah.

"Is not what you see . . . tender?" she asked.

His eyes carefully examined each point of interest of her naked body. Now he was glad that he had made this long trip. As he looked at her, the ugly room seemed to lose all its gloominess. He was even sorry he had thought bad things about her. After all, she was a fairly decent girl . . . as decent as any prostitute can be. And right now it made no difference how she lived as long as she was a woman. He needed release bad.

"I asked you, am I not tender?" Justa repeated.

"Yes, dammit!" Isaiah declared hoarsely. "You're about the tenderest thing I've seen in a long time."

"Then get undressed. The hour is late and the day will come much too quickly," Justa whispered.

Isaiah hastily unbuckled his gun belt and threw the holster over an old broken chair. His vest he threw on top of it. It seemed to Isaiah that he would never be able to get his shirt off in time. The muscles of his stomach seemed to be strangling the life out of him.

"Wait!" cried Justa.

"Now what the hell's the matter?" She walked over to him. "Kiss me."

He grabbed her with all his strength, pressing her tightly to him. The kiss was violent, biting, hurting. They tried to escape their bitter loneliness by giving each other a lifetime of passion in one burning, desire-filled kiss.

A little gust of wind blew in through the window. It set the kerosene flame to flickering. The shadow of their two bodies locked together moved quickly and urgently across the wall. Suddenly the whole room had a vital life of its own.

Justa freed herself from Isaiah's strong embrace and quickly moved across to the kerosene lamp. She blew it out hastily. Only their heavy breathing startled the empty darkness from its silence.

"Come here," whispered Justa, trying not to disturb the silence too much.

Isaiah walked toward her, feeling his way through the blackness. His hands touched her soft, smooth skin and they moved close together. She led him to the Spanish bed and, on top of the worn rainbow serape, their bodies met.

At the cantina that next night, the music was livelier and more joyous than ever. Whiskey flowed across the bar and even Lino, whose sour face had never attempted to smile, was cracking dirty jokes and howling with laughter at his own cleverness.

On that particular night, every citizen of Rio Conchos was in excellent spirits, especially Justa. She had never danced better. Her movements were rapturous as she swayed to the vibrant guitars. Manuel, the storekeeper, and Juan, the farmer, almost started a friendly fist fight over which of Justa's breasts was the most perfectly formed.

Every curve of her lovely body seemed more alive and every time she twirled, her skirt reached up around her waist, revealing those fast dancing pair of legs. Tonight's new audience, the posse, who had ridden across the boarder in search of Isaiah, shouted and applauded their approval.

Early that morning, the posse had ridden into Rio Conchos. Both Lino and Romulo were quick to inform the men where they could locate the

gringo. In fact, they were so eager, they accompanied them to Justa's adobe hut.

It would be good for business if the town would have a hanging, thought Romulo. People would come for miles around.

However, Rio Conchos was not meant to have a hanging. When the men arrived, they did not find Isaiah . . . only Justa. She stepped out and faced the men.

Lino's eyes widened as he looked at her. "Look!" he remarked to Romulo. "She is sweaty and dirty like she has been rooting in the dirt with the pigs!"

"Si," chuckled Romulo. "It looks more like she has been digging a grave all night instead of laying with her lover."

It did not take long for Justa to convince the posse that Isaiah had ridden off during the night. He had headed south, farther into Mexican territory, she explained. The men grumbled and were angry. They knew that they had no right to pursue Isaiah farther into this foreign country for fear of angering the government.

Romulo was quick to suggest they should stay over night and rest at his cantina. Justa promised to give them a highly entertaining evening . . . and she did.

Everyone was having an excellent time that night. The town surely had come to life after so many months of a lingering illness. Yes, Rio Conchos took on a completely new look. Even Justa's old adobe house had taken on a new look inside.

For, you see, during the night that Isaiah and Justa were together, he had talked in his sleep . . . telling how he was going to take the money he had stolen, go back for his sweetheart in the States, and disappear into California. Isaiah never intended to see Justa again!

So Lino was dead wrong. Justa had certainly not been rooting with the pigs. But Romulo was certainly dead right. She had been digging a grave.

The grave was a far better hide out than her hut. No one would ever think to look six feet under. And the dark hole she laid Isaiah in, was very fitting for the man Justa loved most of all. It was under her big Spanish bed.



"Sir! Telephone operators are not call girls."



IS THE BAZ-O-O-M
BOOM A BUST?



Psychiatrists are working overtime, putting their couches on a double shift schedule these days for the sole purpose of insuring ladies with underdeveloped bosoms that their day is sure to come back.

Each annum, designers — chiefly Dior and his French followers — insist that the male public has had enough of the protruding female bustline and that it will be fashionable to have that "Flat Look" this year.

On the strength of the first, many bustless girls are working their way slowly into assured spinsterhood by waiting for the rationalizations of the psychiatrist to come true.

In the second instance, department store buyers have learned the hard way not to trust Dior or any of his constituents. Every time the "Flat Look" is announced, the rush

to the counters lasts just long enough for the males to register disapproval when their girls come out looking as though they have inverted chests. That's when the fad stops, Dior frets over the fact that he can't dictate the terms of his Chestless Look, and the department store officials throw out the buyers and consider installing men to appraise women's fashions from now on.

The Bosom Boom definitely is not out; if anything, it is on the upswing, and Dior & Co. might as well face it.

In fact, those who specialize in judging beauty contests are faced with a problem of mammoth proportions — or perhaps it should be described as *mammary* proportions: The normal three-yard tape measures which were considered adequate a few seasons ago don't have it these days. They are

just too short!

"We rarely see a girl entered anymore who will fit inside a thirty-six-inch tape," declares one semi-professional beauty judge. "We've had to start splicing two of them together."

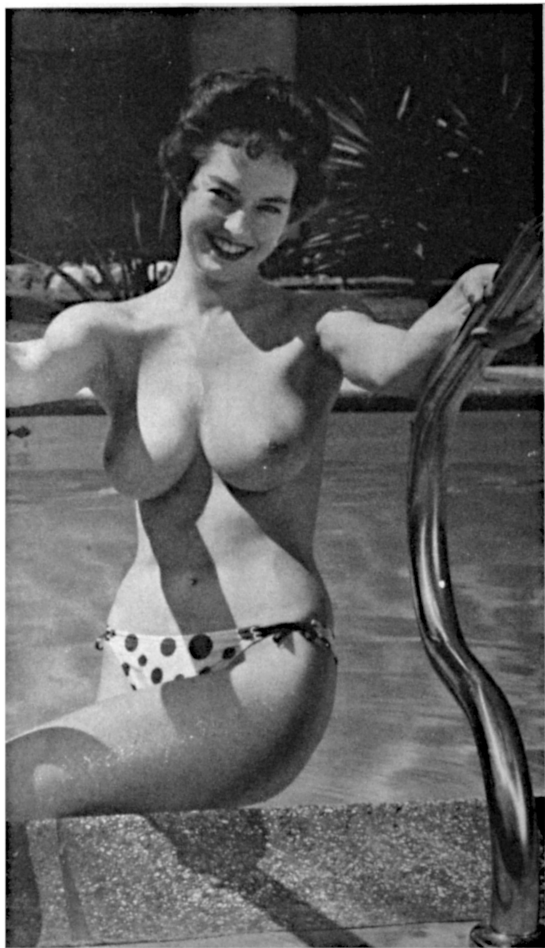
That, at least, was his opinion, but he professed never to have heard of Dior, so we decided, for the benefit of TORRID readers, to go to the mouth of the matter.

We found the perfect witness for our rigid cross examinations: Curvacious, red-headed, scintillating Lisa Romano, who boasts an unconservative measurement about the upper torso of forty-one luscious, shapely, pink-nippled inches.

We found loveable Lisa immersed in water up to her bustline and sat down on the edge of the pool to admire this latest innovation in water-wings: if ever we've seen a do-it-your-



With Women Using Every Device To Increase Their Measurements, There Has To Be A Man In The Woodpile!



self project, this was the absolute ultimate.

"Some of these people who are for the Dior Look insist that big-bosomed women have trouble finding things to fit them," we began.

"Who is Dior?" she asked carefully, smiling to cover her own ignorances regarding the self-styled Great Man Of Drape.

"He's a guy in Paris who feels women should look flat-chested," we explained, happy to know that this beauty and the contest judge had something in common.

Miss Romano inhaled deeply, an accomplishment that we found almost as glorious as the sex act itself, and pouted. "Do I look flat-chested?" she asked with sullen disapproval of the entire interview.

"But you don't understand the question," we insisted.

"Do I look flat-chested?" she repeated, a menacing tone entering her husky, sex-heavy voice.

"No. No, not at all," was the hurried reply. "Far from it. In fact, you're about as far out — literally — as we can imagine one can get."

The smile returned as she nodded agreement, adding: "Forty-one inches far out. Does that answer your question?"

"Let's start over." Patience was wearing a bit thin; or maybe it was self-control. After all, how long is a man supposed to remain rational and businesslike, when a gorgeous

red-headed being is perched on the pool ladder wearing nothing but the bottom half of a bikini, while those delightful globes heave and shake in your general direction?

We didn't have to repeat the original question, which is all just as well, since we had forgotten why we'd come in the first place; ah, sweet weakness of the flesh!

"I don't know anything about this Mister Dior," the lady in the pool declared with slow deliberation, "and that makes us even, since he probably doesn't know anything about me, either."

"But," she added, "he's perfectly welcome as far as I'm concerned to go ahead and fashion his Flat Look. In fact, it might even be fun to prove

him wrong."

"To prove him wrong?" we asked, bending closer for a minute inspection of localized loveliness.

"If he thinks he can make me look flat-chested in anything he can dream up short of a lace-trimmed strait-jacket, I'd like to see it," Miss Romano replied, daring in her voice. "I like it this way, and if he thinks I'm going to walk around with my shoulders rounded just to fit in with his ideas on sex and fashion, he can think again."

"What did you say his name was?" she asked brightly, hefting the rest of her figure out of the water. Checking our chart prepared by the aforementioned beauty judge, we found that her overall mea-

surements add up to 41-22-38, and all of it beautifully proportioned.

"It doesn't matter any more," we told this maiden of the mammary. "Our point has been proven!"



ENVY THE SEX ATHLETE?

"I am no longer a man!" is the bitter conviction of the impotent male, the male who is unable to perform the sex act. Yet, impotence is so alarmingly on the increase that Dr. William Stekel, world renowned authority on sexual disorders, says, "In my experience, hardly half of all civilized men enjoy normal potency."

What an astonishing condition! This means that approximately twenty million men in the United States are impotent to some degree, causing an exploding divorce rate, physical, emotional, and mental illnesses, alcoholism and dope addiction, compulsive gambling, crime and even suicides.

Although impotence appears to be a physical shortcoming, it nearly always stems from an emotional disturbance. When the emotional problem is solved, the physical symptom disappears.

Dr. Stekel states further that, "Practically all cases of impotence can be traced to psychic inhibitions and respond to rational psychotherapy. The result is obvious and cannot be denied. To cure a patient of his loss of sexual power means to give him life once more!"

Psychologists have disclosed that the real reason behind impotence is the ever widening gap between man's normal sexual instincts and the restrictions of our moral, religious, and esthetic structure.

Modern man's sexuality cannot be so openly disposed

of as among primitives. It is subject to all manner of inhibitions and malformations that lead to decline and decay. Because man's function in life is to be active and violent, to court, to conquer, to plunder, and to challenge, the stalemates of civilization are his sexual downfall.

On the other hand, love is on the increase, the modern man having developed the art and capacity for love to a high degree. The cave man had no conception of love. His periods of sexual activity came with a sporadic rhythm, which has all but disappeared in our contemporary world.

In man today, tides of erotic ecstasy are perceived as pinnacles in his life. He feels himself a man only when physical and emotional love are united. The impotent lover feels humiliation and disgrace! He is often the target for cruel jests, or the object of scorn because he has, the world considers, "lost his masculinity". His whole life is thrown off balance when his orgasm is premature or disturbed, or when his erection is entirely absent.

The common conception of the reason for "impotentia paralytica" (complete impotence) is "coitus interruptus" (withdrawal during the sex act before ejaculation), and excessive masturbation and sex practices.

Nothing could be farther from the truth! It is a fallacy that use will deplete the reproductive organs or impair the sexual capacity. On the contrary, medical experience shows that the erotic spendthrift prolongs his sex



life. There is no limit on spermatzoa. It is an unconscious damper on sexual activity that causes paralysis of the penis!

Anxiety, disgust, shame, and guilt are the shackles that bind a man to a life without sex, resulting in an inner rage with himself. It has been aptly put that a man behaves like his penis, or better still, that the penis behaves like the men.

How then, can a resurgence of a man's life be brought back to him? He must detect the inner negation that brings on a depreciation of his feeling of self-regard. In other words, impotency is nearly always found to be a subconscious "No".

The conscious mind may be aware of only an intense desire for intercourse, but for some specific reason, the subconscious mind says, "You should not".

Often the form of impotency will give a clue to the origin of the weakness. "Ejaculation praecox", or rapid premature ejaculation, is an attempt at a quick settlement of the conflict between the sex urge and the inhibitions. Such inhibitions are aversion to women or another specific object of sex, fear of infection, and ethical considerations, such as a teacher who had an affair with a pupil, a physician who wanted to cohabit during his consultation hour, or a husband who is unfaithful to his wife.

One such case was Mr. D. J., who was on the verge of divorce due to premature ejaculation. His extra-marital affair with his secretary created such a guilt within him that when he attempted intercourse with his wife he was partially impotent. His natural instincts were harnessed by the guilt complex because of imagined accusations on the part of his wife, but with his secretary his sexual urge was unleashed.

Upon discovering the reason for his impotence, he gave up his flirtatious affair and regained his ability to cohabit normally with his wife, whom he loved.

Because of the usual secrecy surrounding the matter of sex, it is easy to draw a false conclusion in cases of impotency, to consider an incidental factor as the cause. For instance, the excessive use of alcohol or narcotics is often mistakenly believed to be the reason for impotence when the opposite is true. A man who is not adjusted to his sexuality often compulsively uses alcohol or narcotics, gambling or smoking to reduce the physical and mental pressures created by his impotency.

Men who are impotent in relation to delayed orgasm are greatly prized by women and considered sexual athletes. To the men, however, the condition is a miserable one, sometimes accompanied by pain. This phenomenon is partly a protective measure against the domination of sexuality and partly a lack of desire for the woman who is available.

For example, Private Jim S., 34 years of age, had not had an ejaculation for two years although he had tried many times with prostitutes. He seemed to stand before the gates of paradise and was denied admission. Often he exclaimed, "Now! Now! Now it comes!" Coitus became so painful for him that he finally considered himself impotent and made no more attempts at the act of copulation.

Several doctors advised him that his excessive smoking (three to four packs a day, inhaled) was causing his weakness. Hypnosis curbed his night smoking, but he regained the omitted number of cigarettes during the day.

Analytic investigation proved that his passion for cigarettes appeared simultaneously with his impotency. It was disclosed that during the war he had fallen in love



with a woman in China. He was capable of copulating with her several times a day, and also several times a night. She was the only woman who was able to produce such a stimulating effect upon him.

Due to the demands of the army, they drifted apart. Jim developed severe insomnia and acquired the habit of smoking during the night.

During therapy after the war, he realized that he loved the woman as much as ever, and he could not banish the memory of her kisses from his mind. The cigarettes were a cover-up for his burning desire for her kisses.

He craved that one woman. No other would do. As that thought emerged from the submersion in his heart, his ejaculations were painless and normal.

He located his mistress and found that she had been promiscuous since they had parted. His decision to leave her again was the right one. He later met and married another girl, living a normal sex life.

The normal man should be able to complete coitus several times in one night. Some examples of sexual extremes are: the youth who cohabited with seventeen women in one day, another who enjoyed intercourse twice a day for a year, and the woman who was copulated eighteen times in one night by a man.

But the dangers of excessive intercourse are far less than the dangers of abstinence. Among celibates can be found many parathiaics, or men who retreat from reality. It is also noted that latent homosexuals and compulsive personalities are victims of repressed sexual desires. They often become erratic, transforming themselves into fetishists and collectors. Their aggressive sex force, in consequence of inner resistances, becomes paralyzed.

"Impotentia paralytica", failure to obtain an erection,

ENVY THE SEX ATHLETE?

again demonstrates the mighty power of the conscience. Either fear, hatred, masochism, or sadism are often the basis, cloaked in overt acts of compulsion or even violence.

The case of Judge M. is a prime example. He lost all interest in anything that did not pertain to his work, law. Reading only law books and articles in the newspapers on an court cases, his life narrowed down to an obsession with justice in his courtroom.

His marriage and his duties as a husband were the farthest things from his mind. Compulsive acts, instead, made their appearance. He never spoke to a witness alone out of fear that one might suspect him of succumbing to influence. He was tortured if he was alone in an automobile with one other person. He knew how easy it was for an innocent person to incur suspicion of having robbed or murdered someone. His married life became unbearable.

Eventually, psychotherapy disclosed that he had been cheated out of a legacy as a child. Fantasies of revenge against the relative who cheated him formed in his mind and were repressed from consciousness. Subsequently agonizing guilt over the sadistic fantasies overtook him. He studied law in order to protect himself with legal knowledge against his own imagined wrong-doing!

As his mistake revealed itself to him, and a balanced life came into focus, his impotence dropped away from him like a scab when a wound begins to heal.

If he had not been willing to uncover the true cause of his maladjustment, he might have, in time, committed a heinous crime. Who knows how many arch-criminals have committed bloody crimes because of an overwhelming feeling of impotence and a damning up of natural instincts.

Some of the direct causes of the bottling up of the sex urge are: fear of women and the sex act, loss of a first love, incestuous desires toward a mother or sister, guilt over homosexual feelings or experiences, guilt over a clandestine affair, and guilt over masturbation with sex fantasies.

A great percentage of impotent men attribute their impotency to masturbation, although they cannot explain why the ill effects should make their appearance after ten or twenty years of health. Unfortunately there are numerous books that confirm their suspicion.

Mr. F. C., an engineer of 32 years, says, "I believe that my impotence was acquired through excessive masturbation. I began the terrible habit in my early teens and continued until I was thirty years old." He went on to confess that he intended to kill himself if he did not improve.

It was revealed during his therapy that he had tried to have intercourse with a girl far beneath him in status. He reasoned that if she became pregnant he would have to marry her, and would not receive his father's money. His greed for the money won, and he was unable to have an orgasm.

Masturbation had absolutely no relationship to this disorder. His impotence was the result of guilt for a crime that he had committed in his own mind by taking the money instead of the girl.

Anxiety over night emissions and early morning erections can create a subconscious guilt which is completely unfounded. These phenomena exist in every normal man's

life and should be taken for granted.

Each victim of impotence should sift the facts for himself, and should not allow himself to be duped by scares or by phoney cures. The value of gadgets, patent medicines should be carefully weighed before using.

The impotent man should study his own type of disorder. He should delve into the causes in general, then into the specific emotional reason for his weakness.

There are, however, some males who were never equipped to respond erotically. Among those with a naturally low sex output, about 5% are in such poor health, or are otherwise incapacitated by physical deficiencies, that all heavy expenditures of energy are impossible or at a minimum.

In the over-all picture, only 27% of the men who reach the age of seventy years are totally impotent, approximately 55% of the men of seventy-five years are impotent, and 75% of the men of eighty years are impotent.

On the other hand, the oldest known living male is an eighty-eight year old negro man who is still cohabiting with his ninety year old wife.

It can well be said that a man's potency determines his fate. The cure of impotency, therefore, is one of the world's most important problems. Psychologists now have the information with which to give men the power to love, and the gift of pleasure in life once more.

THE HIDDEN BAR



FRAME SIZE 16" HIGH, 20" LONG

\$20.00 Value only

\$9⁹⁵

A must for every man or woman who believes in entertaining friends. The most unique and useful piece of home furnishing ever assembled. Just hang it on the wall with its beautiful picture then watch your lady or men friends' amazement when you pull the frame down which is held by strong hinges and brass chains and behold "THE HIDDEN BAR."

The back of the picture is covered with a waterproof and acid proof formica material. The box and picture frame come in your choice of black or beige to help blend into your furniture or walls.

The bar box contains 4 highball glasses, 4 shot glasses plus 2 gold labeled bottles lettered SCOTCH and GIN. It serves the same purpose as a large bar on the floor plus being a great conversation piece. We give you a picture choice of the following: Sailing, Pin-up Girl, Countryside, Tropical, Dog or Kitten.

Send Check or Money Order

HOME ACCESSORIES

Dept. HB 200

Box 54086 • Los Angeles 54, Calif.

Through the ages of fiction, old Valentino movies and four-color printing, there have been many thoughts expressed as to the true color of passion.

Many of these have emerged as something as uncomfortable as the cherry-colored glow from a blast furnace, while advertising brains have depicted it as roughly the color of a sunset reflected upon the red sandstone of a mountaintop.

Needless to say, there isn't a damned thing that's sexy about a blast furnace and there are exceedingly few advertising executives who can think about the word, passion, without connecting sorts of sales possibilities with it; they just can't be objective in the matter of love!

What is the color of love?

It comes in all shades, as well as sizes, descriptions, etc cetera. An advertising director would shudder in horror if one of his "thinkers" suggested that sea green could be a passionate color, yet have you ever seen a girl walking down the street on a really hot day wearing such a color? It is cool, soothing to the eyes and you naturally watch her. You don't even pause to wonder whether she's frigid; you simply know that she has brought a little joy, a sense of coolness, to an unpleasant day.

If that same girl were to stroll through the heat of the day in a scarlet dress, you would probably watch her, but chances are, you would feel an uncomfortable sensation; you would be left with the illusion that you are even more warm than you were moments before.

Until now, this discussion has concerned girls with their clothes on. What about the various stages of undress?

Passion, being a product of the mind, a loosening of the libido, has been pictured over the centuries as a mysterious, illusive quality. Illusive it is: Some have it, others do not, but much of the mystery surrounding it today is the product of those same advertising agencies mentioned a few lines back.



THE SHADES OF PASSION



*Sex Comes In Many Colors, But None
Of Them Beat Black.*

According to the ad blurbs, a girl has to use the right kind of soap, the right smelling perfume, exactly the right shade of hair bleach or color restorer, or the men won't even know she's a girl.

The hellish part of this plot is that too many of the women today, trained on the plot of advertising executives, believe these things. They think sex comes out of a bottle!

(While there are bottles that will help in a man-woman relationship, they are rarely filled with perfumes. Instead, the contents invariably range from eighty to ninety proof!)

But for the girl who is out to get a man, there are two favorite colors; for the man who is not yet ready to be had (if such a creature still exists!), beware of black lace and flesh colors . . . the last will no doubt turn out to be the real thing: Flesh! Then you've had it. You're lost. You're sure to enter the ranks of the seduced!

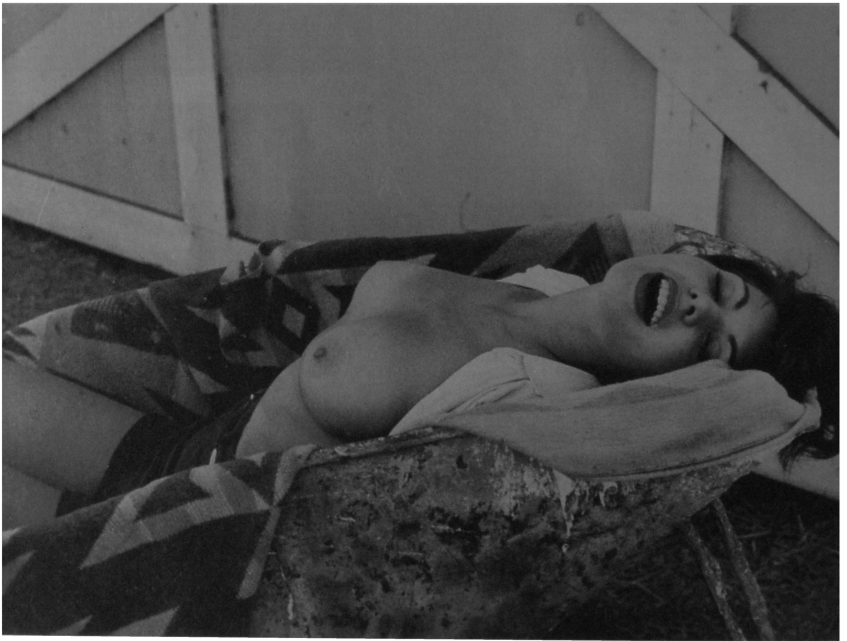
Down through the years, black has been universally accepted with death, sorrow . . . and sex. The *Pall Bearers Journal* presents more than adequate coverage each month of the proper use of black with the first two situations, so we will concentrate solely upon the last!



38-20-37 EYESIGHT

Men Don't Need Glasses To Recognize
These Figures!

Good Eyesight Is A Problem Of Matter
Over Mind!





Had your eyesight tested recently?

Find anything interesting about those charts with the straight-edged cold-looking letters you were supposed to identify?

Whether you passed the test or not, it could hardly be called an exhilarating experience, could it?

Well, here's something new that may change methods of testing eyes. At least one eye specialist claims that many people wear glasses because they were bored and disinterested in reading the eye charts for the examiner; they weren't really trying. He suggests that eye testers use pictures of lovely girls and then, beside them, list their measurements and have the person being tested read off the statistical information.

It isn't as silly as it sounds.. During World War II, a slightly-clothed photograph of actress Betty Grable became famous around the world among members of the armed forces. It was included in a series of charts, most of them boring and uninteresting, but the moment that the full-size photograph of the dazzling Miss Grable turned up, men and officers alike sat up and began to take notice of what was being said. It had something to do with machine guns, but the point was made rather painlessly.

Back to the eye testing:

For our money, you couldn't possibly come up with a better eye test than bubbling brunette Jeannie Mack. In fact, she would give even a blind man renewed interest . . . especially if he had a chance to study her measurements with the Braille system.





With measurements of 38-20-37, this winsome lass could prove dangerous, however; if the idea of using the Braille system go arund, we might suddenly have a rash of poor sight among men who would want nothing more than to get their hands on this bundle of lusciousness!

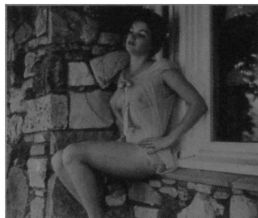
For those who like to know what they're looking at (and it would take only an idiot not to know in this situation), we present statistical information:



Miss Mack is 20 years old and a graduate of the Hollywood Professional School. With her brown hair and matching eyes, not to mention the smile of youthful mischief, she has become a favorite with West Coast photographers, including Ron Vogel, who shot this series.

She hopes eventually to become a well-rounded dramatic actress, but is still waiting for that big break. Meantime, she is studying diligently and is paying for her lessons with money from her modeling chores.





MEET MISS TORRID



There's only one way to describe sexie Sandy Smyth (pronounced Smith, and if you value her friendship, don't call it Smythel), and that is as a clever, cool cat.

Otherwise, how could she have come to our attention and garnered all votes for Miss Torrid Of The Month?

Sandy, who stands a seductive five feet, four inches tall, has brownish, but slightly auburn, tresses, brown, limpid eyes, and vital statistics of 37-20-35!

Recently turned twenty-one, she had never considered modeling until a photographer propositioned her through the bars of the teller's cage in a Los Angeles bank, where she made change and cashed checks day after day.

Unless you get the wrong idea about this propositioning business, the photographer, being a professional type who pretends there is no such thing as a woman, sex or desire, was simply propositioning her to pose for him.

At first, Sandy, who hails from the backwoods of Michigan, thought he was joking, and it wasn't until the other patrons in the lengthening line started urging her to accept the proposition just to get the guy out of line and business under way that she went long with the proposition.

This was a photographer who did not know his business.

He made the mistake of posing our Miss Torrid as a high fashion model, gowning her in one of those dresses made exclusively for fat-chested, skinny models with an anemic look. With Sandy Smyth's obviously well endowed figure, this was a little like trying to cram an entire cow inside of a weiner skin.

The pictures looked horrible and she made the photographer destroy them all before returning to her cage in the bank, and the endless line of customers.

However, the man with the camera had double-crossed her!

He had retained several of the negatives and showed them to his other friends in the lensing profession. It wasn't long before Sandy's line of customers was made up exclusively of photographers who didn't want to deposit anything at all; simply to withdraw her from her withdrawn duties and get her back in front of a camera!

Well — you know how it is around banks. It wasn't long before one of those pompous, overfed career money collectors categorized as vice-presidents came snooping around to find out why it was that Sandy always had so many customers in her line, yet seemed to take in so little money.





Sexie Sandy Smyth Is A Cool Cat— In An Overheating Sort Of Way!



In fact, he made no bones of the fact that he thought she was giving money away! Some of the characters with cameras looked like charity cases instead of photog-rapers!

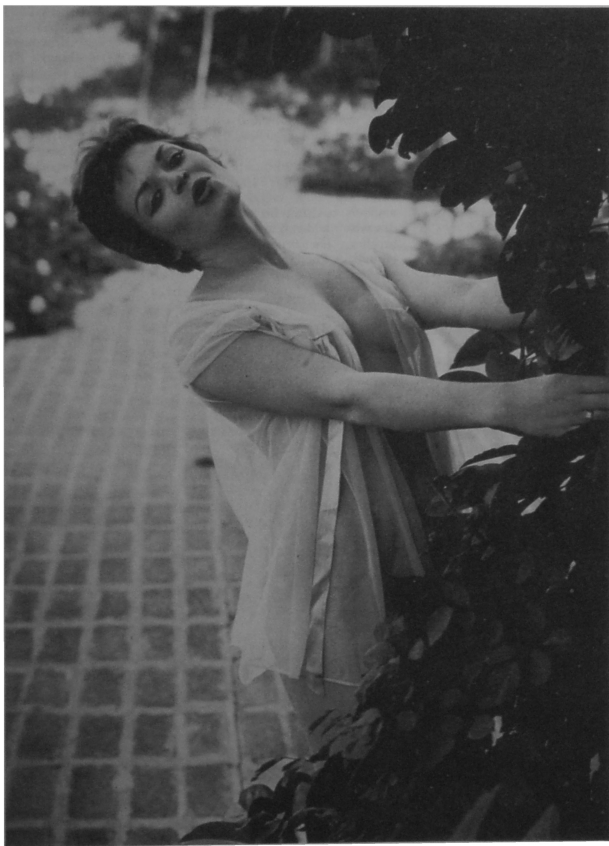
As soon as he found what was going on, Sandy found herself with a severence check and like little Nell, was out on the sidewalk. After all, banking institutions do not appreciate having their marble floors cluttered with cel-luloid beatniks — especially if they are not doing any banking!

So, out of desperation or a desire for vengeance, Miss Smythe (remember — pronounced SMITH) looked up one of the photographers who had graced her line and asked whether he was still interested in trying to put her charms on film.

He was.

Now, he has shaved his beard, has proposed no less than a dozen times and has promised never to take another course in Zen Buddhism. But Sandy is too busy to worry about marriage.

She's still playing the vengeance game. Each time she has a new set of pictures taken in the nude or almost, she sends prints to that stuffy vice-president. She figures sooner or later, he is bound to leave some of them lying around for the FIRST vice-president to see . . . and we all know what happens at respectable institutions of money lending when something like that happens!



world loves a lover

By JIM HARMON

Harry Tatemán remembered every woman who had ever turned him down. He remembered his high school teacher who had long legs, and who liked to cross them, and who had almost had him expelled. He remembered pimple-faced, full-sweated Sandra Higgins who didn't wear panties under her tight skirts because she knew the boys could tell, but the teachers couldn't be sure, little Sandra who had been taught Judo by her brother. He remembered the big blonde in Portland, if not her name, the one he had spent fifty dollars on in one evening and who thought a quick feel was payment enough. Tatemán recalled smouldering Rene Pavlot who insisted she was a "nice girl". He couldn't forget any of them. And now, now, at last, Harry Tatemán was about to get even with all of them. He was going to get even with all the women in the world.

The Pentagram was chalked out on the attic floor and he had the scrolls from the ancient casket passed on from father to son for generations in the Tatemán family.

Harry lighted all the candles, scattered his incense, and began his intonation.

Harry completed his intonation, and nothing happened.

He wasn't surprised. The words were ancient and it might take some time to hit on just the right pronunciation.

Tatemán's voice droned on, and on, hoarsely into the night.

A beastly fat creature, blood-colored, fuming sulphur, complete with standard equipment horns and tails, popped into view within the points of the Pentagram.

He felt sick, feverish, but he knew this was no hallucination. "You," he gasped, "are Satan?"

"You should not interpret this that the chairman of the board did not regard your business as of supreme

importance, sir," the demon stated, "but unfortunately, prior commitments made it impossible for him to come in person. My name is Azethrot, and I have had considerable experience with the firm. I am empowered to act for Mr. Satan, to serve you just as if he were here himself. Would you mind stepping in a little closer so that I might feel the texture of the soul we're buying?"

Tatemán's mouth was dry, but he managed to blurt, "I'm not selling you my soul."

"Of course not," Azethrot said soothingly. "How stupid of me, sir. You wish to sell us someone else's soul. A routine transaction. Your wife, perhaps? Her lover? Your lover? Some pesky do-gooder you especially hate? Who is it?"

"There are no souls for sale here."

"I see," said the devil. "You merely summoned me up to worship and adore me. That's very evil of you, I'm sure, but please be quick about it. I have many things to do."



"I was sure of it," Tateman said, triumphantly. "That's the whole point, Demon. I'll not let you go without you giving me what I want, no strings attached."

Azethrot snorted fire and smoke. "How long can you hold me here?" "I can lock that door and never come back as long as I live."

"One puny mortal life. I'll take a long lunch hour this con."

"You know the Pentagram can never be erased except by the mortal who drew it. If I die without erasing it, you're stuck here forever—after this house rots down and the seas rise to cover and sink away to desert, you and the Pentagram may not be visible but you'll still be here."

"What do you want?" Azethrot asked wearily.

"I want everybody to love me!" Tateman said triumphantly, thinking of the sleek blondes who had always slunk right on past him, the fiery brunets who never glowed for him, the peppery redheads who held their

shakers still around him.

"Is that all?" the demon asked. "It's hardly worth arguing about. Granted. Now let me go."

"Not that fast," Tateman said quickly. "What proof —?"

He found himself holding some papers. The top one read:

Azethrot agrees everybody will love Harry Tateman. In return for this, Harry Tateman agrees to release Azethrot.

(Signed)

Azethrot

There were three copies below the first.

"It is entirely legal," the demon assured him.

"Okay . . ." Tateman said with some hesitation.

He found himself alone, holding two copies of the agreement, both signed with what looked like his signature. Must I guard these like I would my life? he wondered. As he did, the papers melted away. Too late



now he realized.

Had it all been a hallucination? And if it had been real, had the demon tricked him?

A door slammed downstairs.

Harry Tateman jumped back and huddled in the corner. Who, or what, was coming after him?

"Mr. Tateman," called the voice eerily. "This is Mrs. Stevens. Mr. Tateman, where are you?"

A picture of Mrs. Stevens came into his mind. He pictured her in those shorts, working around the yard. Some women might accuse her of starting to get fat, but she made Tateman's mouth water. It was a good thing—his mouth was still dry.

Mrs. Stevens was far too corporeal to be supernatural.

He went downstairs to meet her.

Mrs. Stevens stood in the kitchen wearing her familiar shorts, white shorts, and a very tight blouse. She smiled broadly at him. "I brought over a couple of nice, big, juicy ones I thought you might like, Mr. Tateman."

Tateman, still shaken from his experience upstairs, at last shifted his gaze to the two giant red tomatoes in Mrs. Stevens' hands.

"You certainly get good results from your plants." He realized he almost made a slip there.

"You really should get air-conditioning in here, Mr. Tateman. It certainly is warm."

She sat the tomatoes down on the table, and tugged at her shorts, her



It was all true.

Everybody loved Harry Tatemán.

Every night, Harry could have his choice. Sometimes he would hunt up some woman who had rejected him in the past, and watch that look of adoring worship and aching lust sweep across their faces. Other times, he would approach strange women on the street. Occasionally, they would fight it. Then he would engage them in some kind of idle conversation for a few minutes and by that time they would begin fumbling with the buttons on his shirt.

Of course, Harry Tatemán had asked that everybody love him.

Quite a few men approached him and he had to send them away in tears. The same procedure was applied to unhandsome females that often literally threw themselves at his feet.

The love spell had other advantages. Mr. Praskins, his boss at the factory, began looking on him as a son and giving him the same advantages.

Life was good for Harry Tatemán.

He sauntered home from an easy day at the office, and sprawled in his easy chair to read the sports and financial pages, before he went out to pick up the first beautiful woman he saw, and to go to her place or his, and make love to her. That would be easy too.

"Harry . . ." a voice begged from beyond the circle of light of his reading lamp.

face twisted with discomfort and irritation. Beads of perspiration had bloomed on her face and thighs. A drop ran down her neck into the deep valley of her breasts.

Pulling out the tail of her shirt, Mrs. Stevens fanned it in and out. "It certainly is terribly warm in here."

Suddenly, Mrs. Stevens' eyes glazed over for a moment, then she smiled broadly and came towards him. She pressed herself tightly against him. "Come on, darling," she said. "They unzip on the side. I know you've been wanting to take them off of me for weeks."

As they slipped to the floor, their bodies already thrusting urgently at each other, Tatemán whispered hoarsely, "Mrs. Stevens. Mrs. Stevens, what's your first name?"

That was only the beginning, of course.

He recognized the voice. It was Mrs. Stevens. Mrs. Stevens' first name was Lila.

"Go away, Lila. You bore me."

"Harry, why don't you love me? I love you."

"I did love you, Lila," he said not unkindly, "but my love is ended. This, you must accept."

The Yankees were doing better, he noted with satisfaction.

"I'll never accept that," she said.

"You must. There's nothing else you can do."

"Isn't there?"

Lila Stevens leaped into the circle of light like a cat. She was completely nude, her hands behind her back. Although her body was heavy, it was flawlessly proportioned. Her breasts stood firm and erect. "You know there are lots of things I can do, darling," she purred.

Tatemán felt vaguely excited, but he had had too many women to be so easily aroused by one he already knew.

"No," he said. "Go away. If you love me, you'll go away and stop bothering me."

Tears came into Lila's eyes. "Harry, Harry. Have you ever heard that each man kills the thing he loves?"

"Of course. You mean I am 'killing' you by sending you away from me. I know. I'm sorry, truly sorry."

"No," Lila shouted, "I mean it holds true for women too. Women kill the things they love too, Harry. you're going to learn that."

She brought the stainless steel butcher knife into his view.

Harry dropped his newspaper. Even the devil had not scared him so bad. "Lila, darling, you wouldn't kill me. You love me."

"I won't kill you right away," Lila said tearfully. "First I'll use the knife to fix you so you can never be unfaithful to me again. Then after another woman will touch you, I'll stay with you and take care of you. I'll let you kiss me and feel me, that's all you'll have left. It'll be hell for both of us, and then when we can't stand it any longer we can end it all together. I couldn't live without you, Harry, but no woman will stand for this."

He watched in horrified fascination as the knife came closer and closer.

Finally, he managed to break his gaze away and free his body from the hypnotic grip of fear.

Tatemán ran out of his house, down the tree-lined street in his shirt sleeves.

The howling, naked woman with

the knife ran after him.

The first person he saw was another woman. He knew anybody would help him because they would love him. He clutched at the woman on the street. "That girl behind me is trying to kill me! Throw yourself between —"

"Good," said the pedestrian.

"— Let her sink the knife in you, if — what?"

"I said, 'good'. I should have killed you long ago, Harry. Why didn't you ever call again after that glorious night we had together?"

Tatemán searched her face—there had been so many, so many — he couldn't remember her. Then he had no time to wait longer. He started running, and behind him the naked Lila Stevens drew closer and other women were falling in behind her, all ready to kill the man they loved.

This was how it would end. Harry knew. Soon he would be able to run no more and they would catch up with him —

The thought of that spurred him on to greater speed.

Suddenly, the idea hit him. There was one chance. Praskins had let him off early. If he could only reach the court house before it closed . . .

Ernie Bankhead stepped out of the court house and faced an angry mob of women. One woman, wearing a long coat that didn't fit her, stepped forward uncertainly.

"Yes?" Ernie Bankhead said. "Can I help you?"

The woman shook her head. "No, you look like him. But you aren't him."

Ernie Bankhead walked away, smiling. Lila had been right. He was no longer Harry Tatemán. Inside, he had changed his name legally to Ernie Bankhead. The judge had of course loved him and had been very co-operative. Azethrot, the demon, had been very definite in bestowing the gift on Harry Tatemán. Harry Tatemán no longer existed, and the power went with him. No one loved Ernie Bankhead, and no one wanted to kill him.

He stopped in his tracks. He saw her waiting at the bus stop. Tall, slender, but well-curved, sensational red hair.

"Pardon me, Miss —" he began.

The redhead regarded him coldly. "Get lost, Mister, before I call a cop."

He moved away, full of resentment. Women were all alike. He would find a way, another way, to get even with them all, a way to have them all!

THE END

Sweet Wine Of Youth

**Cozy Cathi Carter Is Truly Representative
Of The Champagne Of Womanhood**

Exactly what photographer Ron Vogel had in his subconscious when he decided to pose curvaceous Cathi Carter in front of an old stone chimney is open to debate; perhaps he was only trying to show the great difference between cold, ancient stone and warm, feminine charm.

If that was the idea, it was a waste of time. In Southern California, old stone chimneys are hard to find, and he could have spent his time to better advantage in shooting more pictures of this beautiful 22-year-old redhead than in seeking out these ruins!

And why did he want to pose her, too, with a wine bottle lifted to the skies? There is no telling what a photographer is thinking — particularly an educated photographer — but it probably had something to do with Greek mythology and the ancient gods and goddesses of plenty, fertility or what have you . . . probably fertility, on second thought.

But to us, Cozy Cathi and a bottle of wine give a reason for the fireplace being used; what better an evening than one in which you, she and the wine bottle (full in the beginning, at least) cuddle in front of the fireplace heavy with burning logs? You don't even need a roof in a situation like this!



**It's A Little Early In The Season, But
Santa Can Drop This—Not Even Wrapped—
Down Our Chimney Any Night!**



For Cathi, in spite of the reference to the gods of fertility, is the personification of the sweet wines of youth.

Boasting green eyes, flaming red hair and a sparkling personality, she bubbles with the exuberance of sparkling burgandy over the rocks (and that may explain the fireplace bit now that we pause to consider it!)

At the ripe-but-not-old age



of 22, this luscious lovely is well on the way with her desired career as an actress and has appeared in bit parts in a dozen or so television films.

Prior to arriving in Hollywood last year from her native New York, she studied at the Actors Studio, where such notables as Marilyn Monroe, Steve McQueen and Marlon Brando learned to emote ac-

cording to the dictates of "The Method."

"But I didn't go for all that Method jazz," she announces. "I can see an actress attempting to get herself into the meat of a part, but when a director tells you that you are to play the role of a cello string and instructs you to vibrate — on key yet — that's carrying this education thing a little too far!"

So, Cathi left the halls of dramatic education and method expression and worked her way to Hollywood, serving as a cocktail waitress in Omaha and working in a diner in Texas before she finally saw the blue waters of the Pacific for the first time.

"I did fine as a cocktail waitress," she recalls now with a smile. "Most of the customers were too busy looking at me to care whether I gave them the right drinks or not."

As indicated earlier, there is more than a slight possibility that Miss Carter was proving more intoxicating to the clientele of whatever bistro was lucky enough to employ her than the booze they were drinking.

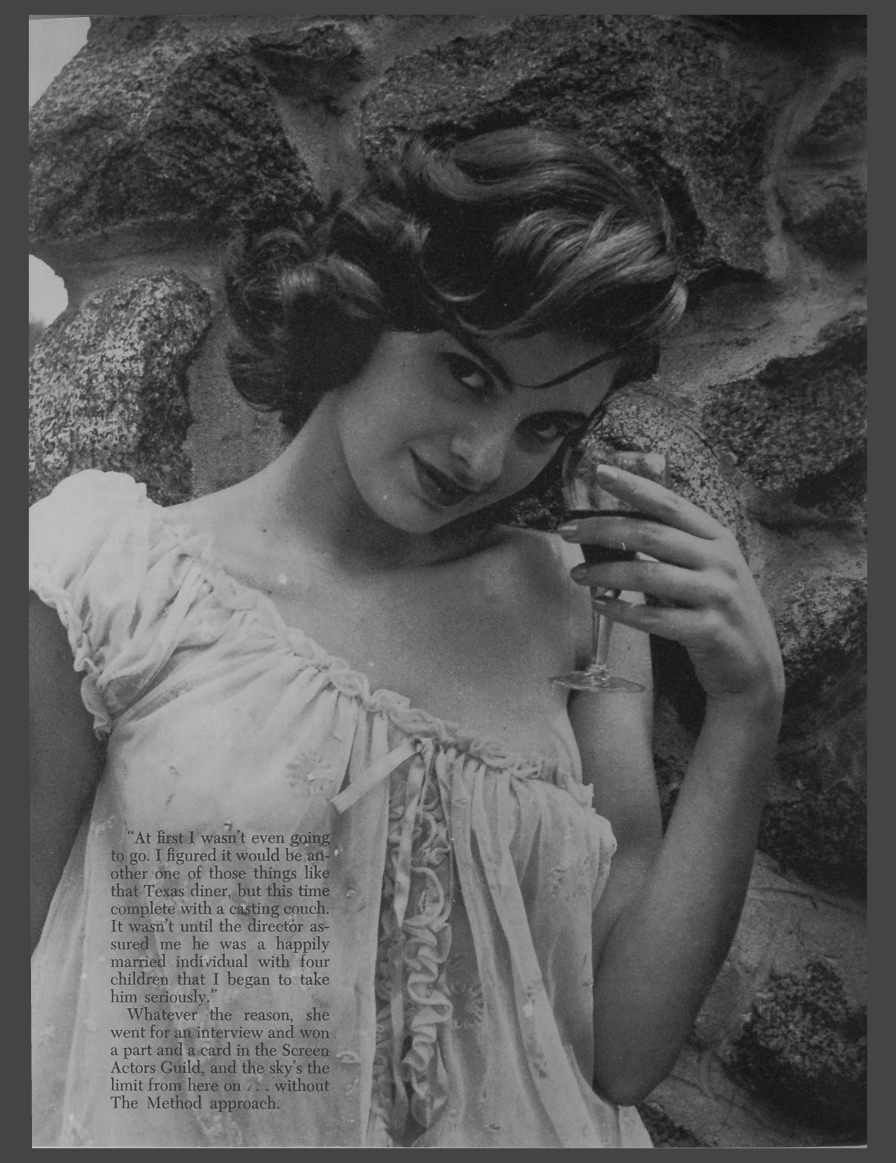
"But as a waitress in that diner," she adds with a sorrowful shake of the head, "I was a bust. In fact, I was fired after slugging the third customer who insisted on discussing the subject of the bust and wanted a Braille translation!"

In California, Cathi went to work in a service station and almost caused a gas war, when the employees of competing stations began buying their petrol from her.

"I was lousy at that job," she admits, "but we did sell a lot of gasoline."

Now living in a hotel for single girls on the edge of Beverly Hills, she is finding that there is more to her future than watching totals roll up on a gasoline pump, however. She received her first break when a casting director saw her through the windshield she was wiping and suggested she drop around for an interview.





"At first I wasn't even going to go. I figured it would be another one of those things like that Texas diner, but this time complete with a casting couch. It wasn't until the director assured me he was a happily married individual with four children that I began to take him seriously."

Whatever the reason, she went for an interview and won a part and a card in the Screen Actors Guild, and the sky's the limit from here on . . . without The Method approach.

Mailmens Holiday

By JIM HARMON

Matt Preston adjusted his uniform cap to a jaunty angle and grinned to himself.

Milkmen got all the broads. Everybody knew that. It was in jokes and stories all the time, and it was true. Anybody could see that. Maybe it used to be icemen but most thoughtful husbands had installed electric refrigerators, so now it was the milkman who claimed all the pretty young matrons on his route.

Preston grinned. And felt it turn sour.

He was a mailman, a letter carrier, a courier of the post. He could only watch the milkmen breeze by in their shiny white trucks, en route to meetings with juicy blondes in flimsy black lace.

Preston could only watch and trudge along the sticky streets with a load he wanted to get rid of.

Leafing through the letters in his hand, Preston could not help but associate them with the women on his route. There was one for Mrs. Gunnison—long, white, slim. A well packed little pastel one for Mrs. Thurber. And here was a king-size, golden envelope—that had to be for Mrs. Hurst, and it was. Mrs. Hurst . . . hair and skin like honey . . . lips stung by the bee that had been there. . . .

The envelope slipped from his dreaming fingers and landed with a splash of reality at his feet. It had dropped into a puddle and become unclasped. How, he wondered, could anything ever become unclasped from Mrs. Hurst?

But the envelope had opened and its contents had splayed into a patchwork design of black and white, gray and ivory. Photographs.

Preston leaned closer to look at the glossy prints.

These were photographs of Mrs. Hurst in bed. And she wasn't alone.

Was the other man Mr. Hurst?

No.

Who would want to take this kind of photo of a man and wife, legally married?

The man had to be somebody other than Mr. Hurst. Else there wouldn't be any point in taking them. For purposes of blackmail, no doubt, his mind supplied him automatically.

Preston leafed through the series of photographs leisurely as he walked. He savored a turn of thigh here, a thrust of hip there, the lunging of probing, dark-crested breasts everywhere. The man's face was indistinct in all of the prints, but not Gloria Hurst's sweating features flowing into a deep pool of satisfaction from the dawn of her burning, itching lust.

Suddenly, he found among the photographs what he hadn't expected to find. Negatives. A blackmailer wouldn't send his victim negatives. Sample prints, maybe, but not the original negatives.

Hastily, Preston looked at the address again. The pictures *hadn't* been addressed to Gloria Hurst. The street number was slightly different, making it for the apartment building across the street. He had only been thinking of women and mistaken this for her address. And, he discovered, the name of the addressee had been hopelessly smeared by the water.

He didn't find a return address. He hadn't expected to. Undoubtedly the pictures came from some confidential finishing service catering to artists, photographers, dealers in pornography—and blackmailers.

He snapped the pictures against his palm.

Maybe here at last was what he was looking for—a chance to get off his feet.

Preston put his cap under his arm, an uncomfortable place for it.

"There's nothing lower than a blackmailer, Mrs. Hurst," he said to her. "So when I accidentally spotted these prints, I decided that he wouldn't get them to use against you."

Gloria Hurst's lovely face was flushed scarlet. The flush reached down into her neckline as far as he could see.





Mailmens Holiday

"I'm grateful," she said.

Preston leaned back against the closed front door of the Hurst home. "No, sir. He'll never get these pictures." He slapped them against his leg. "Of course this type of thing is unavailable anyway. Too bad his name got obliterated. I could turn him in to the Postal Inspectors. Of course, they have all kinds of scientific equipment. Maybe they could bring his name out. Maybe I'd just better turn all this over to the Inspectors."

"No," she gasped. "Don't do that. Just destroy the pictures, the envelope, everything."

He looked at her. "Lady, this is undeliverable, but I can't destroy United States mail without a good reason."

"I—I'll give you a good reason," she said.

She unbuttoned the top of her dress and scooped her breasts out of the sockets of the bra.

"I saw you looking at these. Do you want to feel them? I like to have them felt. You could feel them once in awhile, when you wanted to, if -"

He grabbed her long blonde hair and jerked her head back. "Listen, lady, I don't have to settle for any lousy quick feel. Do you want these pictures destroyed or do you want them given to your husband, the newspapers, the post office? What'll it be?"

"The bedroom is to the left," she said through clenched teeth.

Preston grinned to himself. At last, a chance to get off his feet!

At home that afternoon, Preston lay on the couch, sipping a beer and glancing through the photographs of Gloria Hurst which he had kept.

She had been good. Very good. Of course, she was no kid, but he liked experience himself.

He shifted uncomfortably on the couch. Damn it, he had had it—he had had her—this morning. He shouldn't be wanting it again. What was he, some damned sex maniac?

It was the pictures, he decided. They went sliding back into their envelope.

(Who was the guy? he wondered. He had had it good too. Better than Preston himself, it looked like . . .)

Preston snapped on the ballgame on TV, and settled back with his beer.

(Of course, he thought, when she gets to know me better, it will be different. Of course, I can't push my luck too far. Once a week. Well, maybe twice . . .)

It was a called strike, and an obviously cockeyed decision . . . But Preston found suddenly that he didn't care.

Turning off the set, he finished his beer and decided to break out something a little older.

The telephone rang.

He crossed and lifted the receiver.

"This is Gloria Hurst," the voice said in his ear.

Preston didn't say anything.

"What's wrong, honey?" she asked. "You gave me your number. Didn't you want me to call you?"

He exhaled.

"Yeah, I wanted. I just wasn't expecting it so soon, that's all."

"This came up suddenly. Charles is going out of town tonight. I'll be left all alone. You want to come over and baby-sit?"

"What about your other boy?"

"I told you I don't know when those pictures could have been taken. It must have been years ago."

She was lying, he knew. He had recognized the Hurst bedroom in the photos and the decor didn't look that old.

"Well," impatiently, "are you going to come over?"

He thought about it. He thought about her. He swallowed hard. "When?"

She told him when.

When they had been in bed together for about an hour, she began to talk.

"Matt, do you have any funny notions?" she said, her voice tickling the hair inside his ear.

"Huh? What do you mean?"

"Oh, you know. I've heard men sometimes have funny ideas. Sometimes they like it like this," she said. "Or sometimes they like the woman to do this to them," she went on, "while they're doing it. Do you have notions like that?"

"Baby," he gasped, "I like it anyway with you."

"I heard a story about another man," she said, "who liked pictures of it. He liked pictures of himself with his woman so he could look at them later and enjoy it all over again, sort of. And because the woman loved him, she went along with him and let him set up the camera with a self-timer and all."

Preston didn't talk.

"But when this girl's lover had the pictures coming back to him in the mail, something went wrong. Some damned crummy postman put his nose into things and threatened to take the pictures to the law or the girl's rich husband if she didn't pay him off, a little at a time."

Through his pleasure, Preston felt his first sense of the wrongness of something. He concentrated and roused himself.

"You took the devil's own time," Gloria said over his shoulder to somebody.

"I had a hell of a time finding it, baby," a man's voice said.

Preston rolled over fast. It wasn't Mr. Hurst. He had seen him a couple of times. It must be the lover, he thought. And Loverboy had a gun in his hand, a snub-nosed revolver.

"There's nothing lower than a blackmailer. Bud," Loverboy said, "and this kind of blackmail the kid here would never finish paying, would she?"

"I - -" Preston began.

"Go on, Sid!" Gloria slid out of the bed and stood leering down at Preston. "Get this picture. Mailman? Rape. My good neighbor, Mr. Adamson here, heard my screams and tried to save me."

"The photos?" Adamson asked.

"He had them with him. They're in his coat," she said. "Go on. Do it."

The bore of the gun lifted and Adamson squeezed off the trigger.

My knee! Preston thought. It's smashed. I'll be a cripple. God, I didn't want to be off my feet that long.

Adamson cursed, and the gun belched again.

Preston stopped worrying about his two feet. His only concern now was confined to three feet by six feet.

THE END



LET'S TARRY WITH TERRI

Those in the know constantly proclaim that "anything can happen in Vegas." Needless to say to most readers, they are referring to Las Vegas, long known as the Gambling Capital of the nation, but more recently recognized as the Last Frontier of Sex!

That last inference, incidentally, is not a plug for the well known casino and hotel of the same name (LAST FRONTIER, we mean; to the best of our knowledge, there is no gaming emporium using the word, SEX, in its name — yet, at least!)

But be they professional followers of the galloping dominoes, professional drinkers who use gaming as an excuse, or teetotaling, non-gamblers who come strictly for the skin scenery, all are in accord on one point:

Vegas has reached a crescendo . . . Everything now HAS HAPPENED there, and it all came about when impish but sexy Terri Higgins arrived to grace one of the lavish but nudish floor shows. This, fanciers of the female agree, was the ultimate in sheer, unadulterated sexiness.

Before discovering Las Vegas, Terri had been a Hollywood figure model, gracing the covers of most of the adult magazines on the news stands during one month or another. It was in one of these publications that a Las Vegas talent scout discovered her and her obvious charms of 39-21-37, and spent days checking model agencies until he located her. The offer of two hundred dollars per week was a great deal more promising than modeling assignments, and Terri the Torso immediately packed her bag, cancelled her remaining appointments to pose, and caught the first plane out of Los Angeles International Airport.



How does she feel about strutting nude across a stage in the casino, while hundreds of people ogle her obvious attributes?

"The lights are so bright that I can't even see past the edge of the stage," she reports. "I felt a little peculiar about it the first night, I guess, but no one threw any tomatoes or other groceries, so I knew I'd get by."

Carried on the payroll as a dancer, Terri (short for Teresa), had just reason to show a degree of misgivings over her first appearance behind the desert spa's footlights; in her first attempt at terpsichore, she was booed off the stage. But that was at the age of seven during a theatre's amateur show in Seattle, where her father happened to be stationed at the time.



The daughter of an Air Force officer, tantalizing Terese (oops! . . . Terri! She hates her given name) is a world traveler, having been around the globe twice with her father, and having lived in such far flung spots as Rome, Istanbul and London, not to mention Hong Kong.

"And all the time I was traveling, I was looking for something," she admits a bit wistfully. "I didn't know what it was, and the harder I looked, the less I knew."

Asked whether she had found that illusive something in Las Vegas, she shakes her head, adding, "Vegas is exciting, but I still haven't found it . . . and I still don't know what it is. Peace of mind, I suppose. I man to love. That sort of thing."

So, while she tries to figure it out, Miss Higgins lives alone in a small bungalow at the edge of the desert city, driving to work each night in a sport car, then returning shortly before dawn to sleep away most of the day.

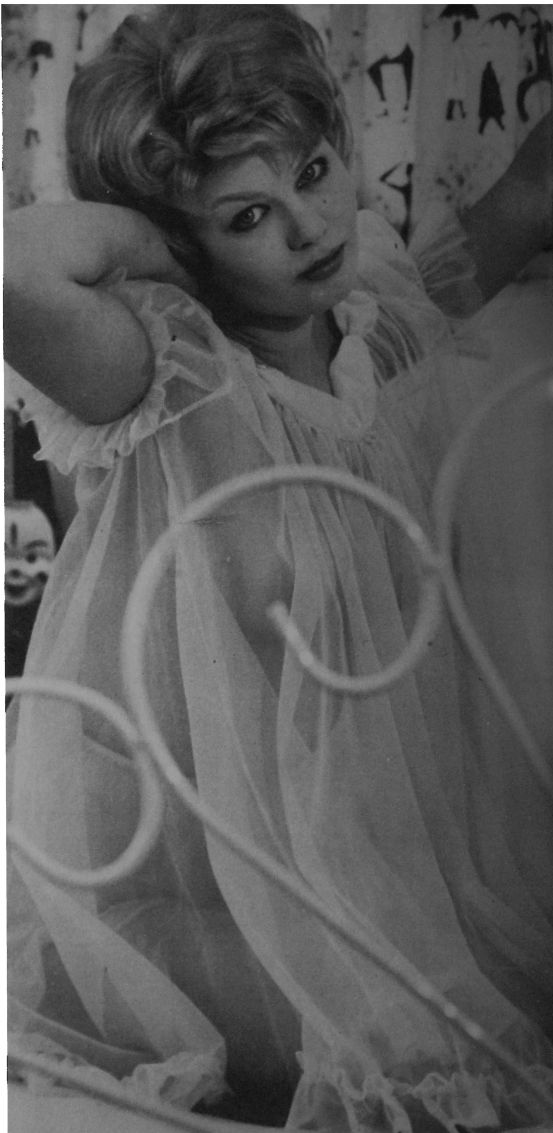
Her constant companions in her doudoir are a small fuzzy stuffed dog given to her by some unidentified admirer, and a small red clown which has been her constant traveling companion since childhood.

In spite of the English sound of her last name, Terri is mostly Irish, and this ancestry is amply reflected in her topped up nose, bright, mischievous blue eyes and ready smile. She keeps her hair cut short in a boyish bob, the gold ringlets of hair curling close to her head. With this kind of hairdo, she looks about as much like a professional dancer or a chorine as Man Mountain Dean.

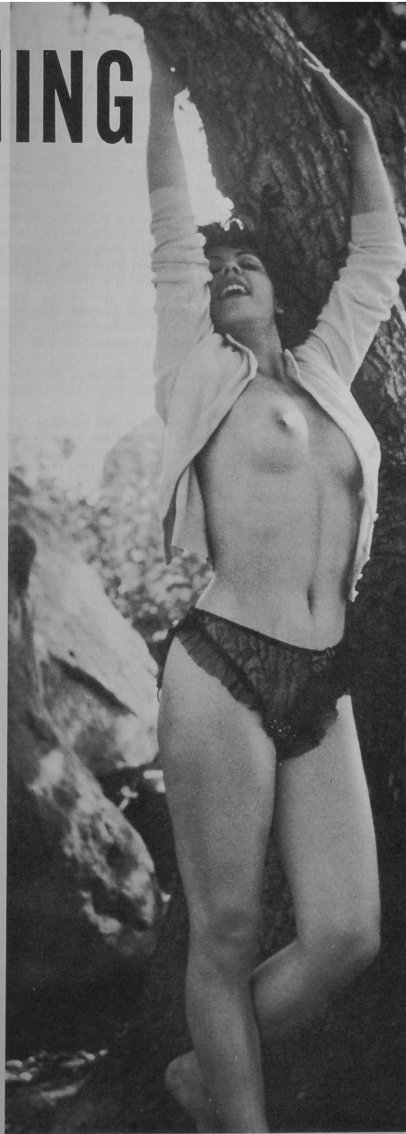
The big difference is that Dean hasn't learned to dance. Taking her work in Las Vegas seriously, she has spent a large part of her earnings on lessons with noted choreographers, learning some of the intricacies of professional dancing.

And what does she do in her spare moments? She sits beside the pool at the hotel, watching the men go by, wondering whether one of them is this illusion she has been seeking all these years.

"A man must be involved somewhere," she admits. "And someday, some place, I'll find him. It may not be in Las Vegas . . . but I'll find him."



COMING



Movies For Males:

HIROSHIMA... MON AMOUR

Hiroshima... Mon Amour, which placed high in the Cannes Film Festival, is a combination of sex, love and horror, delicately blended to become art.

In fact, unlike many of today's films, it does not contain sex simply for the sake of sex; sex is introduced for the sake of art.

In a strictly off-trail bit of casting, it has French actress Emmanuelle Riva as a French girl who falls in love with a Japanese survivor of the Hiroshima atom bombing. Eiji Okada, as the native son, portrays the role of her current love with a deftness that is overpowering.

Alain Resnais, director of the film which was produced by Argos Films of Europe and Daiei studios of Paris, opens the film with the suggestion of a man-woman relationship, showing a woman's hand on a man's bare shoulder.

"You have a wonderful skin," she says, then the two bodies are covered by a bright dust which illuminates the bodies.

Miss Riva plays the role of a girl who has suffered from love in her native France; in her teens during the war, she had suffered to love an enemy soldier. When the Germans had been driven out of France, she is dishonored, driven out of her home by her parents and her head is shaved to signify her role in consorting with the enemy.

The Japanese is a survivor of America's atom bomb blast which led to the end of World War II, but like his love, memories of this horror still survive within him.

The result is a case of mutual misery proving an attraction. In their one night of love in a Hiroshima hotel, each bares to the other these inner problems, fully realizing that the simple exposure will not cure them.

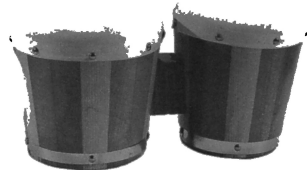
There are some who may compare the film to another French production, *The Lovers*, in which a wife of some years gives herself to her lover, and in the end leaves her husband and daughter for his way of life, not knowing what will happen next.

It is difficult to draw such a comparison: requires, in fact, a stretch of the imagination! For in *Hiroshima... Mon Amour*, each of the lovers is married, has children. Important to the plot and setting the overall feeling of futility is their joint realization that their stolen night of love can lead to nothing permanent. Daylight will return each to reality and his own private horrors.

As one French reviewer put it, after seeing the film at the Cannes Film Festival: "The ultimate meaning of this difficult, bold and technically interesting film is all in the title—Love must concern itself with its extreme opposite, the hatefulness of war."

And as we pointed out in the beginning, the obvious sex and man-woman relationship upon which the entire story is based appears to come off very well for the sake of art!

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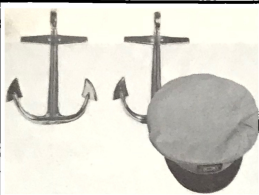


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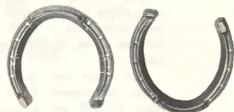
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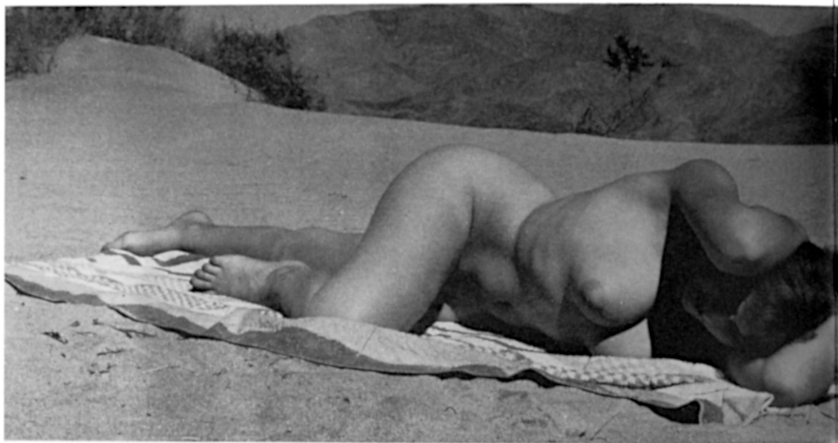
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